

[Interview with Vito Cacciola #20]

[27?]

Comment

1938-9 INTERVIEW WITH VITO CACCIOLA by Morton. R. Lovett (from memory)

[Interview?] “ I singa because I'm happy, Mr. Lovett. I hava no sin on do conscience. I paya peoples what I owe, de Lord is gooda for me. “ What you tink dis piece of leather? “Yes, he's make fine sole. You're righta, he's cut from back of cow and wear like de iron. It costa more but it makes strong sole. “ Some of de cobblers maka soles from de cheapa leather — de shoulder, de head, de neck, de belly. Not Vito!

[??] “ Sure, de cheap sole does a lota harm. Its catcha and keep de rain like de sponges. It giva de boy and girl weta feets. It maka coughs and much sickness. De sweet Jesus says, “ Blessed are de little children. “ Who is Vito to maka them sick? “Yes, you is right. [?]If everybody doa so good as they know how, it would be like Heaven righta here. What you think Heaven is, Mr. Lovett? “ That's righta. [?]Everyone is happy and maka no sin. But I reada de Bible. It say that the Blessed Jesus coma back here 2 some day. Den de angel will maka music on de trumpet and all de peoples will jumpa out their graves. The Good Lord will makea seperat-ed de sheep and de goats. De goats is de bad peoples. It is too bad for them. “ No, I is not a Protestant. I have been to many churches.

They is all maka much talk about God. De peoples liva lika savages. They justa want to have good time and maka money. “ My church is righta here. De alter, it is in my heart.

There I talka with de Lord and he talka with me. [possible cut- ? to end Ln. 29?]

. . “ Many peoples is wick-ed. Plenty go to Hell some day.

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some is worsa than de dogs. “ Yesterday one mans coma in de shop. He was not de Italian.

He saya to me, “Vito, I saw de nicest show last night.

He was de besta show I ever see.’ “ he describa de show. He laugha and brag. They was pretty girls what danc-ed. They was de acrobats and songs.

But, he add-ed, de best was de last. “ I maka apologize for tella you some more, Mr. Lovett.

But you is no child. You are man of de world. You hava been de city official. You can tella peoples with de power, and make de end to such badness.

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“ Dis man, he reclose to me de worsta. He say closa to my ears, ‘Vito, you shoulda see de two pips. They was de peaches, and they weara no clothes. They danca like this, what you call it? [? -?] “ ‘Yes de hootcha-cootchy.’ he say they makes fun with de men. They was nak-ed but they sit on de laps and kissa. He say they was lulus. I tink they act like de bitches. What you think? He say, ‘I sella you ticket for one buck.’ “ No, I tella him. He maka me much angry. I was disgust-ed.

I say it is de crime, for which everybody will go to jails. “ He answer, ‘don't be afraid, Vito. Dere is policemen at dis show. No peoples will get trouble.’ “ I tella him never would I maka myself such disgrace. De show maka de man acta like beast. It was insult to de good peoples. It was crazy for de bad mans. They spenda one dollar to geta their blood heated, when a woman costa him only fifty cents.

“He say, ‘I thought you was a good sport Vito.’ I reply, ‘I is no sport, but I has respect for my self. Geta out! Geta out my shop!’”

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“What you tink, Mr. Lovett? perhaps de Mayor does not know of dis evil. You tella him.”

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